The Pocahontas Times.

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For The Pocahontas Times

The Treasure Trove.

XIII.

A MAN lay behind the rail-fence watching the Widow Casey's house. It was after dark on an evening in June. The old dog of the house seem to know that there was something wrong, but was not certain whether to give the alarm or not. The man several times whistled in imitation of the call of the whipo'will. The house was dark and the man lying behind the fence felt very much like a thief. It was Weston and as he lay there he remembered that one month before he had attended a ball at The Jefferson, in his home city of Richmond, and now he was engaged as the best man in assisting a young mountain couple in an elopement. It reminded him of some of his pranks at college.

Cassidy had prevailed upon him to help him to run away with his sweetheart. The wedding was to be kept from the old lady, for they feared that if she got set she never would get in a good humor again, and it would be the cause of the breaking up of the family, and a possible farewell to the Bald Knob and other desirable properties held by the old widow. Eliza dearly loved her grandmother, and she hoped that she would be forgiven if she got married without antagonizing the old lady any farther. Cassidy would not wait and she would give herself the pleasure of keeping her word to him, for she was no wiser than other girls who, when they know they are wanted badly enough, will set their hearts upon certain men. They could get married in broad daylight, but in that case they could not keep the old lady from knowing it.

After the whipo'will calls had been repeated several times, Weston was aware of a rustle of a dress and he discerned the young lady coming towards him, accompanied by the dog. They walked hurriedly along the road where they found Cassidy waiting with a team of horses and a spring wagon. The plan was to drive to Prattsville, get a license and be married at the parsonage. The hotel keeper was expecting them and would be ready to receive them when they got to the county-seat.

The moon rose soon after they got started on their trip and the light was sufficient to drive by. The earth was damp from a rain storm of that evening, and vapors rose and formed little clouds above the fields. They entered strip of woods, and the night was darker under the shade of the boughs.

The horses stopped of their own accord and their driver said:

"A tree across the road."

The storm of the day had blown a large tree across the way. The road was on the side of a hill and the tree could not be avoided.

A horse's feet were heard and in a few minutes Cassidy was heard greeting a friend.

"What's this layout," asked the new-comer. "Who have you got in the buggy with you, Lew?"

"That's Mr Weston and Miss Casey."

The man gave a whistle of astonishment. "Where you goin'?"

"To town to a surprise party."

"S'prise the county clerk, I reckon. But you all will have to go home now."

But that was last thing that Cassidy wanted to do. He begged the man to go for an ax so they could chop the log out of the road, and the man rode off to a house not far from there and got an ax. It took nearly two hours to cut the tree so that a section might be rolled to one side. The man whom they met was of most material service, and presently they were on their way. The ride to the village after that was uneventful. Weston looked at his watch as they entered Prattsville and saw that it was one o'clock.

There was a light in the hotel and the proprietor lay asleep on a lounge in the office. His wife soon came out and welcomed the bride, and the groom and his best man went off to hunt the county clerk. He was an old man and after rousing him they waited a long time for him to put on his clothes. He came out cheerfully enough for he was glad to oblige a rising, young politician like Cassidy. They got to the court-house and by the light of a lantern a blank form was filled out addressed to any minister, who might be authorized to celebrate the rites, to marry the people. The old clerk had fished a substantial bottle of liquor out of an old drawer full of files of dusty papers, and having taken a liberal dose of the same was very jovial. He responded with alacrity to an invitation to be present and declared that he would give the bride away. They proceeded first to the parsonage and having hammered on the door until a window was raised in the house adjoining and a woman's voice was heard telling them that the preacher had been called away that day by the news that his mother was thought to be dying, and that if that was Lewis Cassidy to tell him that he was sorry, but that he could not help it, and to get Brother Johnson.

"Do you know whether Mr Johnson is at home?" asked Cassidy in a very anxious voice.

"Well, now he aint. Sister Johnson kem by this evnen an' said he said he had gone over on Crooked Creek to marry a couple. Is anybody sick?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Er-r me, I reckon."

"Law, Mr Cassidy, you don't say so. That's jest too plumb bad. Where's Liza?"

"What Liza?"

"Liza Cassidy, what is to be. I hope to goodness you'll get jined. But fer the lands sakes, here I am talkin' to a passel of men in my—! Well, good night. Good luck to you." And the window went down with a bang.

A counsel was immediately held. Not a preacher in ten miles. Weston suggested a magistrate.

"They can't do it," said the clerk. "We've got a justice here who thinks he kin deprive a man of an incorporeal heriditament, but he can't marry a couple. I reckon it's a katy scrape."

The three conspirators went down to carry the news to the bride. She immediately declared that the wedding had to take place before daylight or she could never stand to look anybody in the face again. Cassidy felt very desperate. The old clerk was as solicitous as if he had been one of the parties. Cassidy said he would give every cent he had for a preacher for five minutes.

"There's a preacher down the road a piece, but he's a little off color," suggested the clerk.

"You mean old Uncle Nath?" asked Cassidy.

"Why he used to belong to grandpa," said Eliza.

"Yes," said the clerk, "and when your pa was drowned in crossing the ford above town old Uncle Nath jumped in after him and came near being drowned himself, and was unconscious when they dragged him in."

Cassidy drew his bride aside and said: "My darling, do you think you would mind being married to me by old Uncle Nath?"

"I can stand it if you can, Lew," was the brave answer.

"We must go down and get the old fellow," said the clerk, "make him give bond and have him do the job. He is a regularly licensed local preacher. Lew, you will have to go on his bond, and you go down and get him while I go for a blank bond."

Cassidy and Weston went to the dilapidated shanty where the old darkey lived. They were surprised to find him awake.

Cassidy told him to come along to the hotel. Uncle Nath had an idea that it was some kind of an arrest they were making and came with many misgivings. When the matter was fully explained to him the old man insisted on going back to the cabin. He emerged with a long, rusty-black coat and a tall, white, stove-pipe hat, known as the Cleveland hat. The old darkey was very much puffed up over the affair.

At the hotel they found Mr McKash, the clerk, ready with the bond, and he made Uncle Nath and his bondsman acknowledge themselves to be indebted to the State of West Virginia in the penal sum of $1500, to be made and levied from their goods and chattels, lands and tenements, conditioned on the Rev Nathan Freeman marrying people properly.

The wedding was now ready to take place. Uncle Nath positively refused to sit down and was all politeness and humility.

"Miss Liza," he said, "I 'longed to your grandpa 'fore de war, an' I fell like I kinder 'longs to de Casey family. When I were 'bout grown up I asked your grandpa could I take de name of Casey, an' dat's de on'y t'ing he ever 'nied me. I'm comin' back at him now; I'se about to take erway de name from de las' of de Casey fam'ly."

Mr McKash had been busy, and Weston had finally got a pair of terribly tight gloves on the generous hands of the groom, and they were ready for the ceremony.

Mr McNash said, "Come here, Uncle Nath, and go ahead."

The old darkey was equal to the occasion. The ceremony was short and after this style.

"Boss, does you take Miss Liza, who you hol' by de han', ter be yoah wife.

"Miss Liza, does you take Mistuh Lew who you hol' by de han' ter be yoah husband.

"Den you must 'scuze de ol' man but I is jest natcherly compelled ter pronounce you husband and wife, an' may de goodness of God be wid you now and ferebber an' ebber, Amen! Salute de bride."

Mr McKash produced the license and when Uncle Nath came to sign his name he received minute direction where the signature should be placed, and right below the Clerk's index figure he made a cross mark. The clerk wrote up this signature in the usual form, and Weston went on record as the witness to it. The bird of night crowed, and it was three o'clock in the morning. All the inmates of the hotel were up and gathered in the parlor, and shortly after daylight a wedding breakfast was served, and the worthy minister was glad to stay and eat with some of his color at the second table.

Uncle Nath was the centre of an admiring crowd at the Alliance Store that morning. He related his experience, and to prove it showed a ten dollar bill which he had received as his fee.

"Yes, sah; Mistah McKash says, "Is you and Mistah Cassidy boun' in de peanut sum of fifteen hunderd dollahs by all de Ten Commandments, and your goods and cattle?' I says, 'I aint got any cattle,' and he says 'hit means chickens, too'; and I let's dem go ahsi."

Old Uncle Nath remained in good repute with his Conference as a local preacher ever since, and performs all the marriages in colored circles for miles around. His next exploit was to marry a couple without a license and have the pleasure of repeating it two weeks after in a legal form.

After breakfast the newly married couple started for the Bald Knob. Weston had left almost immediately after the ceremony and had gone on the near cut. He was to break the news to the old lady. He arrived at the house about daybreak. Grandma Casey had been up and breakfast was on the way. As Weston entered she called Liza to get up. Weston came and sat down and looked solemn.

"Mrs Casey," he said. "I have some bad news for you."

The old lady turned pale as a sheet. She sank into a chair, for she trembled so she could not stand.

"When I heerd that whipo'will last night," she said, "I knowed that something was going to happen. It sounded near like it did the night the Doctor died, and when they brought the news that my son was drowned in the river. Is it about Liza Jane?"

"It is. Last night she ran away with Dave Ray," naming the most reckless young man known in that country.

"It's a jedgment! I parted her and Lew Cassidy. Oh, if it was him it would n't be so bad."

"Well, I am happy to inform you that he is the man. They are coming after while and they want to know if they can come in."

"Come in? They'll come here and live. I aint goin' to be parted from Liza Jane."

After breakfast Weston informed the old lady that he was to meet the young people and tell them how she regarded them. She immediately put on her sun-bonnet and got her walking stick and they walked together down the road. At a spring they waited until the wagon came in sight. Then the grandmother walked on alone to meet it and in a few minutes Liza was crying in her grandmother's arms, while the old lady whispered: "There, don't cry; the best day's work I ever did was when I run away with your grandpa."

To Cassidy she said she did not think he had the spunk to do it.

They rode home together, and the old lady was the gayest of the party. Weston said to her: "I do not believe that could have been a real whipo'will you heard last night."

"Mr Weston, I would give anything to believe that it was not."

"Then I can set your fears at rest for it was I who made the noise, as a signal to Miss Liza."

(To be Continued.)

Trustee's Sale.

PURSUANT to a deed of trust made on the 12th day of July, 1897, by John T. McGraw to the undersigned trustee, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 27, page 432, to secure the payment of two certain notes each for $2833.33 negotiable and payable at the People's National Bank, of Charlottesville, Virginia, with 6 per cent. interest from July 12, 1897, until paid to Samuel B. Woods, and costs of executing the said deed, and default having been made in the payment of the first of said notes, and being required by the said beneficiary, Samuel B. Woods, the undersigned trustee will on the

7TH DAY OF MAY, 1898,

between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and four o'clock P. M., at the front door of the court house of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in the town of Marlinton, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder the land conveyed in said deed of trust, comprising a tract of 1000 acres of land situated in said Pocahontas County, lying on the east side of the West Fork of Greenbrier River, and bounded as follows:

Beginning at two maples, cherry, beech, and yew pine, on the east bank of the Greenbrier River, and with the old line S 78½ E 812 poles to two pines and a beech in a hollow on the west side of the divide between the west branch and Little River, 5½ poles to the north of a blazed line, S 24 55 M W 204 to a beech, witnessed by two yew pines and two beeches on a north hillside corner to the other 1000 acres of the Slaughter land, sold Craig & Upton, the same leaving the old line N 78½ W 852 poles, at 133 poles crosses the top of the divide at 210 poles passes two marked sugar-trees by a small spring or drain, 235 poles crosses a north eastern branch of Paul's Lick Run, at 360 poles passes a large marked cherry on top of a spur of Paul's Lick Ridge, at 433 crosses the north-western fork of Paul's Lick Run, at 563 poles passes a marked birch on top of a spur of Paul's Lick Ridge, at 663 poles crosses Paul's Lick Run ab ut six poles above the Mud Lick, at 745 poles crosses the top of the north spur of Hunter's Camp Ridge, to two maples witnessed by two birches on the east bank of the west fork of the river, thence up the river with its meanderings to the beginning It being that tract of land conveyed to John T. McGraw by Samuel B. Woods and wife by deed bearing date on the 12th day of July, 1897, and recorded in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas County West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 27, page 435.

Terms of Sale: Cash

Given under my hand this 12th day of March, 1898.

JAMES MORGAN, Trustee.

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The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. 14 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Robert Moore—An Early Settler.

ROBERT MOORE was a son of Moses Moore, the distinguished pioneer. He was born May 27th, 1772, and was reared on Knapp's Creek. His wife was Rebecca McCollam, of Brown's Mountain near Driscol. After living on the Greenbrier a number of years at the Bridger Place, he moved to Edray on the Drennan opening. They were the parents of five sons, Isaac, Robert, Andrew, James, William, and one daughter Jane.

Jane became Mrs Andrew Duffield, and lived at the head of Stony Creek, now owned by the Delaney family recently moved into our county.

Isaac Moore married Catherine Gillilan, and settled at Edray where S. B. Moore lives. In their family there were three sons and five daughters.

Mary Ann became Mrs Amos Barlow, first wife; Rebecca became Mrs David Hannah; Elizabeth is Mrs Bryson Hannap, near Frost; Eveline became Mrs Paul Sharp; Julia Francis is now Mrs William Sharp.

Allen Taylor Moore married Mary Catherine Gay, daughter of the late Robert Gay and Mrs Bettie Gay. Robert Gay was Recorder of Pocahontas County in reconstruction times immediately after the civil war between the States. Mr A. T. Moore lives near Edray. His children are John Kenney, Evansville, Indiana; Robert, in Butte City, Montana; Georgia Miami, now Mrs Isaac Sharp; Alwilda Nebraska, now Mrs John Young; and Lula Elizabeth, now Mrs Davis Barlow.

William Rives Moore married Ruth Gay, and lived near Edray. He was a person greatly respected. His sympathies were with the Union adherents, and he died at Wheeling during the war, after many vicissitudes.

Samuel Bryson Moore married Ann Sharp, and lives on the Edray homestead and is a farmer and merchant. Mrs Effie Barlow and Mrs Flora Gay are his daughters.

Full particulars of Isaac Moore Esq., as teacher, magistrate, sheriff, and prominence as a citizen have been given in a special sketch

Andrew Moore fell from a tree near the sugar camp at the Bridger place in early youth and was instantly killed.

William Moore, upon attaining his majority, went to Ohio, where he arose to eminence as a physician, and became widely known as a preaching elder in the Church of the Disciples.

James R. Moore, upon his marriage with Mrs Jane Funkhouser, of Rockbridge County, lived some years on a part of the homestead now owned by G. H. McLaughlin, of Marlinton. He thence moved to Braxton County. His children were Porterfield, Ephraim, and Mary Ellen. The latest information the friends have of his sons they were arranging for a trapping and hunting excursion to the Rocky Mountains. They had previously hunted a great neal in the Williams River wilds, and were quite successful. The mantle of their eminent ancestor, Moses Moore, seems to have fallen on them.

Robert Moore, Jr., married Eliza Bruffey, a grand-daughter of Richard Hill, the pioneer. After living on the Edray homestead many years he moved to Iowa. His sons were Franklin Davis, Moses Clark, and George Preston.

Franklin D. Moore married Sally Young, and resides at Fort Scott, Kansas.

Moses C. Moore married Miss Susan Livermore, and after a brief residence at Edray, moved to Kansas, and is now at Fort Scott. He is a telegrapic operator. Mrs Moore is a teacher.

George P. Moore first married Lizzie Poage, and settled on a section of the Edray homestead. His second marriage was with Mrs Ruth Moore, relict of William R. Moore, a daughter of Robert Gay.

George P. Moore is a local Elder in the pale of the M. E. Church, a successful merchant and grazier, proficient in the use of mechanical tools, Coroner of the County and has been Commissioner of the Court, local banker, etc.

The property owned by Robert Moore, the early settler, was first opened by Thomas Drinnan, and is one of the earliest settlements in this region. The Drinnan tract must have included thousands of acres. The quality of the land is the best of its kind, much of it spontaneously sodding in bluegrass when timber is "belted." Parties who know are rather reticient as to the precise spot occupied by Thomas Drinnan's cabin home, since surveying parties have been so anxious to locate it, for fear there is something under it all that bodes trouble. The breaking up of Thomas Drinnan's home by the Indians about 1782 was one of the most distressing events that happened during Indian troubles.

When Robert Moore took possession but a few acres were cleared. He and his sons made extensive improvements of a very substantial character. He erected a commodious, two-story, brick mansion, the first and only builing of its kind in the vicinity. The site was very near William Sharp's residence, and much of the brick was used in the new building. A field just beyond William Sharp's in the direction of Elk is thought to have been one of the first to be cultivated.

It is more than likely that the first time Robert Moore ever set his foot on lands some day to be his own, was when he came from the east with his father, Moses Moore, and others, in pursuit of French surveyors and their Indian guides. An Indian was killed and a Frenchman wounded near where the two prongs of the Indian Draft converge. It has not been so many years since human remains were unearthed near that place. It is the impression of some, too, that it was the dispersion of this exploring party that originated the legends of hidden treasures in two or three localities of our county, some near Mill Point others near Marlinton.

Robert Moore was the worthy son of a worthy father. Every body had confidence in "Uncle Bobby," and when he went hence to be no more, genuine tears embaimed the memory of the kind, honest, and brave old settler.

W. T. P.

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